



He was not different from your own boy. I watched him, that crisp October afternoon, swinging along the boulevard with his comrades enroute to camp, with mingled thankfulness and pride. Then came word of his sailing. Then his cable of arrival. At infrequent intervals through the long winter his letters. Then silence. * * * Sometimes now I awake in the night to find myself whispering his name. I cannot believe it true that he has gone. Least of all, can I believe it true that somewhere beneath the harried and heroic soil of France his breathless body lies.

His few letters, so well-remembered and so precious now, seem to give denial of his end. Of his like I have no more to give. My own frail powers are weary with their years. But in his name and spirit I still may serve the cause for which he gave his all. I still may aid that brave array of manhood and of valor which is the true frontier of our embattled native land.

The United States Government Bonds of the Third Liberty Loan are my agency of service. They never can seem to me to be made up merely of dollars. They are ships, food, supplies, equipment, care—the very means and material of victory. They are the power and wrath behind the sword we wield.

Oh, you fathers who have sons in France or in the camps here at home, help them “carry on.” You others who have neither sons nor self to give, how boundless is your debt! Buy your country’s bonds—from your plenty or your mite, buy them! Buy them that our crusade prosper, or our dead have died in vain.

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